

Silent Worker.

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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5 CENTS A COPY

MARY TOLES PEET.

THE death of Mary Toles Peet, which occurred on the fifth of March, in Washington, D. C., has brought a personal sorrow to every one who knew her, either intimately or slightly, for to know her was to be in touch with the broad, intelligent and sympathetic natures that are ever loved and never forgotten.

The immediate cause of her death was heart failure, brought on by the grip.

The funeral services, at Dr. Gallaudet's request, were held in the chapel of Gallaudet College. Rev. Dr. Hamlin, Miss Elizabeth Peet's pastor, conducted the services and Dr. Gallaudet made some most beautiful and touching remarks, paying high tribute to Mrs. Peet's beauty, genius, and worth. Two students from each class in the college were chosen as bearers. One of the young lady students exquisitely rendered the hymn, "Asleep in Jesus," in signs at Miss Peet's request, it being one of the three sung at her father's funeral. The casket was completely covered with flowers. The services were attended by all the students, professors, and some other friends, including Principal Currier, of the New York Institution, who came on as soon as he heard of her death. Walter, George, and Elizabeth, the three surviving children of the deceased, Mr. Currier and Miss Ida Montgomery, followed the remains to Hartford on the night train. The party was met on its arrival by Dr. and Mrs. Williams, Rev. Dr. Twitchell and others, and proceeded at once to the cemetery and laid the dear dead form beside that of her husband.

Mary Toles was born in Pennsylvania in 1836, but her childhood was spent in the country in Chautauqua County, New York.

She was twelve years old when she lost her hearing through brain fever, but the harmony and sweetness which she had enjoyed up to this time remained in her heart, and were given lovingly to all around her.

Two years after her illness, she entered the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, where she continued faithfully the studies begun before her deafness, and graduated with honors. A year later, she was married to Isaac Lewis Peet, who had been her teacher in the higher studies.

Dr. Peet afterwards succeeded his father as principal of the school, where his work among the deaf and his patient study for their benefit won him affection that was almost worship.

Miss Peet's chief interest was in her family, to whom she gave a heart full of unselfish love, while to the deaf she was a friend in the truest sense, and never can her kindness be repaid or forgotten.

Four children were born to Dr. and Mrs. Peet, three of whom are now living. After the death of Dr. Peet two years ago, Miss Elizabeth Peet took up the work to which her father had given his life, and is now an instructor in Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C.

During the earlier part of her married life, Mrs. Peet was well known as a charming hostess. She delighted in the society of young people, who found her always a ready listener, and a wise and sympathetic adviser, and with all people her

interest was deep and genuine, the interest of absolute unselfishness. Her quick, brilliant intellect drew around her men and women of cultivated artistic and literary ability, and Mrs. Peet herself not only loved and appreciated the best literature, but in her own writings showed a nature full of poetry, and a command of graceful expression remarkable in one who had not the aid of sound. Few of her poems have been published, but two have kindly been given for



Photo. by Pach.

Silent Worker Eng.

MARY TOLES PEET.

this number of the SILENT WORKER.

"Going Away" was written after the wedding of some dear friends last October, when the conventional bridal trip was omitted and the young couple simply drove away in a low phaeton with two ponies—the bride holding the reins. The idea of the bride taking the groom off in that fashion struck Mrs. Peet's fancy so that she sent them these verses, and they wrote her that she had exactly caught the spirit of the day.

GOING AWAY.

Tripping lightly down the stairs
Came the winsom lady,
Following close, her chosen knight,
Deep obeisance made he.

Looking out unto the west
O'er the shining meadows
(How the brightness of her face
Drives away all shadows).

Low he whispers in her ear,
"We will go together

Far from all the restless world
In this autumn weather.

Though October rules the land
We will go a-Maying,
With the spring time of our life
All around us playing."

So into her phaeton
Light of foot she steppeth
As the fragrant breeze of June
A rose-bush overleapeth.

And the reins within her hand
Soft but sure she graspeth,
Blushing, as his strong young arm
Round her waist he claspeth.

Then her steeds—how well they know
Voice and touch so tender—
Lift their heads and proudly wait
Service strong to render.

Now towards the west they go,
Two so deeply loving,
Slanting sunbeams shining o'er
The path where they are moving.

Like a bird that, through the sky
It's swift way is winging,
Sending downward to our ears
The sweet notes of its singing.

Thus we watch them while they pass
With their dreams elysian,
And behold their future life,
A pure and heavenly vision.

The following poem is the last she ever wrote, and probably her last bit of writing of any kind. It was started shortly before her illness, and was found afterwards just as she had left it. As there was no name, a friend suggested the title "Waiting," which expressed her feelings as she was waiting to be called to her dear husband. Her nearest friends consider these last verses among the most beautiful she ever wrote. Both poems, however, give an idea of her feeling and depth of expression—always ready to enter into the joys of others even while suffering silently herself.

WAITING.

The face which duly as the sun
Rose up for me, with life begun,
To mark all bright hours of the day
With hourly love, is dimmed away,
And yet my days go on.

The tongue, which like a stream could run
Smooth music from the roughest stone,
And every morning with "good day"
Make each day good, is hushed away,
And yet my days go on, go on.

The past rolls forward on the sun,
And makes all night, O dreams begun
Not to be ended. Ended bliss,
And life, that will not end in this,
My days go on, my days go on.

Breath freezes on my lips to moan,
As one alone, once not alone,
I sit and knock at Nature's door,
Heart bare, heart hungry, very poor,
Whose desolated days go on.

Mrs. Peet's beauty was unusual, and as age came, her face grew even more lovely. The hair was snow-white, the mouth sweet, and the eyes gentle and full of love.

After she became unable to go out of doors often, and was obliged to spend most of her time in her room, she found her greatest pleasure in writing, reading, and talking with friends who came to see her. She had great fondness for poetry, especially for Mrs. Browning's poems. She was usually found reading and when she looked up her face would brighten and become full of interest, in whatever news or subject was brought.

Now, in the sorrow of her loss, our hearts must be thankful because she lived, and by her living

made the world sweeter and truer, and gave to each life that touched her own not only the memory of her beautiful face, but the example of a life filled with "the beauty of holiness," and the remembrance of a noble, tender and gracious woman.

Gallaudet College,

WASHINGTON, D.C.

MONDAY, the 4th inst., was a great day. It was in fact, an inaugural occasion. The morning dawned in all its glory, promising a clear, bright day. About nine o'clock in the morning, the students, (the Co-eds are not excepted, of course), hastened to any spot as near to the pagoda-like structure in front of the Capitol as possible where the ceremony of swearing in the President was to be conducted. The crowd began to gather. We had spent at least three hours standing on the asphalt, finding it no fun in jostling and pushing in billowy waves. It was fortunate for most of the Co-eds to have the students to look after them in the unruly crowds. Every street became a rivulet of humanity, pouring steadily into the great river on Pennsylvania Avenue with deeper pools and eddies around the Capitol and the White House. Presently, the nimbus clouds gathered and it soon became water-logged and continued till sometime in the afternoon. We became wetter and wetter, and were looking for all the world like "disconsolate and bedraggled chickens in a farm yard." But to witness Mr. McKinley taking the oath of office as President of the U. S. was too dear a thing to let go. So we staid where we were, not minding Jupiter Pluvius' downpour. But the crowd grew impatient, and even the dignified gentlemen would forget themselves so far as to make much annoyance by pushing and pressing until the scream escaped from the mouths of ladies and children all around. There was even fainting, not only on the part of women but also that of men.

Some time after twelve, we saw descending down the scarlet-carpeted capitol-steps the wife of the to-be President, leaning on the arm of Gen. Corbin, and taking a seat within the President's stand. Later, President McKinley and Chief Justice Fuller came out on the broad steps with the plaudits of thousands of the former's fellow country-men rending the air. The oath was administered at seventeen past one. The President, with his hat off and his right hand up, repeated the words of the oath with the Chief Justice, and then he kissed most reverently the small, open Bible held out to him. Those of the men, who came out in best attire, could not even hold their umbrellas over themselves, or otherwise the frenzy of the crowd would be aroused, and canes be raised by means of which the raised open umbrellas would instantly be in rags, or the fellows with umbrellas would be sworn at, kicked, their hats would be subjected to instant destruction, their coat tails be tugged, all of this, because the people wanted to view the President as clearly as possible. After the oath, the President then proceeded with his inaugural address. Having seen enough of this and cursing Jupiter Pluvius, we hunted for shelter just to escape the ravages of the elements. It will be remembered that heretofore there were nearly always two Presidents on inaugural day, that is, the coming-in and the going-out. Now the same man is re-elected and for Mrs. McKinley, it was fortunate enough that there was no packing of trunks! It was merely an excursion for the Executive and his wife from the White House to the Capitol and hence home again.

The parade that followed not long after, was very, very long, and consisted of many divisions of various sorts. Many colleges that promised to take in the parade, were not present, because of the rain as is the positive fact. Gallaudet was represented in the procession and so was St. John's College which came first, and we next. We, constituting the student-body of Gallaudet College, wore, some derby hats, and others, uni-

versity caps, all having buff and blue sashes on, and carrying canes. We also carried a large college banner and the several championship banners that we won from the old Inter-collegiate Athletic League of Maryland and District of Columbia. In truth, we did quite superbly on our part. As we advanced past the reviewing stand erected in front of the White House, wherein were President McKinley, Vice President Roosevelt, Admiral Dewey, Lieutenant-General Miles, and many other distinguished persons, we uncovered our heads, and the President and the Vice-President responded. The pleasure and familiarity of the latter was evinced by means of a wave with his hand to us. With Geo. Andree; '02, as our captain, and Erixon, the Briton—I mean, Gilbert Erickson, '03—as our majordomo, we marched from the first street on Penna. Ave. to the twenty-second street, and turned around and marched home on various streets. And we had a hearty supper, as we came quite late, and besides, we were hungry, for we had scarcely any thing to eat during the day. As intended the fireworks were to be displayed in the same evening, but owing to the ill condition of the weather and of the ground at the Washington Monument, they were postponed to the following evening.

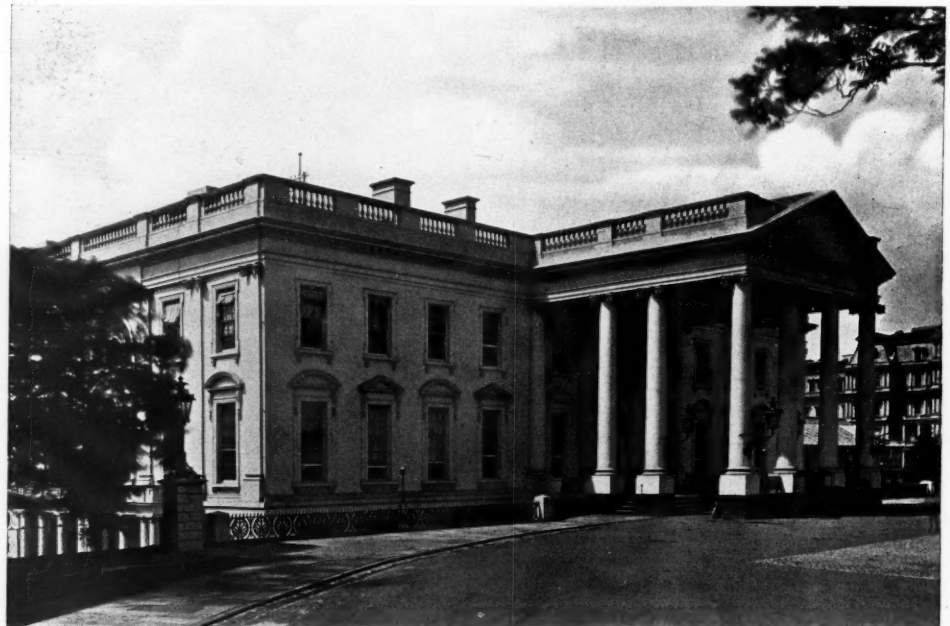


Photo-Eng. by C. J. LeClercq.

THE WHITE HOUSE

They were not as superb as they would have been were it not for the cold wind that was blowing most fiercely thus interfering with the arrangements.

During the month just passed we had excellent ice. Our complaints on the lack of ice during the Christmas vacation must have been heard by Jack Frost who hurried somewhat remorsefully, Washington, being his destination. But it was sometime before he reached it for the journey, stretching over twenty leagues, was long. Upon his arrival here, he at once stretched out his magic wand and touched the waters at the tidal Reservoir situated near the Washington Monument and metamorphosed it into a sheet of ice. That place was still the favorite rendezvous for our skating cranks till the end of February. Large parties of the Co-eds and other "knights of steel" from the Green could almost daily be seen enjoying the glides and falls on the glassy surface. Indeed this sport, though delightful, was not devoid of mishaps as is evident by the fact that "breaking throughs" sometimes occurred to those who were impetuous enough to venture over the thin surface. Dr. Gallaudet, although in the sixties, nevertheless shared with us the privilege of enjoying the exhilarating sport, skating. Almost every now and then several came home with half-cracked thigh-bones, or being wet to the skin.

The weather has been of late subject to altera-

tion. It has often been dismal and disagreeable. March came in like a lamb, and, as is quite likely will go out like a lion.

Sometime ago, the leading newspapers of Washington, New York and Chicago gave exaggerated accounts of the manner of hazing which was affirmed as having been in existence here. The forms described are quite ridiculous and are without any foundation. Indeed, the students occasionally ask the new-comers questions to amuse themselves with, or request them to go through a "cake-walk" and other harmless performances, but we do not see wherein lies the foundation for the forms of hazing ascribed to the upper-classmen.

Such as "compelling them to 'declaim' until their fingers become swollen and they can 'talk' no more, and that being their only means of communication, are unable to recite the next day" is absurd. The papers said that the three Seniors indulged in this kind of "cruel" hazing that resulted in their suspension. That is all bosh! Certainly, three Seniors were suspended, but contrary to the reasons given out by the papers. There is no cruel hazing here. They were sent home simply because of a little fun, a harmless joke on their part, and also because they were

Seniors, and the Faculty thought them as possibly setting a bad example to the under classmen, and hence they concluded in their suspension. They are given permission to return in May next.

Later, the Institution papers commenced to print extracts about the same thing with additional opinions given by the editors. Some editors do well; while the others do not, as they show nothing but lack of judgment and it seems as if they do not know what they are talking about. Some insist that the Schools for the Deaf in the country should not engage as teachers and other officers those who participate in creating fun here, and that these persons need not apply for any position of responsibility in their schools. Nonsense! Such editors as those who give these opinions do not realize the folly of young men, and again, they do not seem to realize the fact that students nearly always take their business with much seriousness out in the world, and are not liable to do what they have done while here. See? Yes! I say these young men could and would wield a most wholesome influence with the younger deaf boys, as they have had the experience themselves while here. Such opinions as stated by the editors evince their obscure idea concerning college life here. The popular opinion is the absurdity of the idea of refusing to bestow upon a young man the means of earning a living simply for the reason that he indulged in some frolic at college.

Absurd idea! From above, one must not allow himself to fall into this notion that we are for hazing; far from it. We merely desired to make our remarks on others' printed opinions.

Saturday evening, the 23rd, ult., witnessed the birth of the Kappa Gamma Fraternity, when it held its conclave and banquet. It was inaugurated when three new members,—the Freshmen, from Ohio,—were initiated into its mysteries. Every thing was accomplished smoothly and it is with sincere hope that every thing will be done far better next year. After the initiation all repaired to the dining-room where we saw the tables already set with delicious beverages and delicate viands, the following being the menu:—

Clam Chowder	Wafers
	Olives
Pressed Veal	Sandwiches
Bananas	Oranges
Ice cream and Cake	
Punch	Coffee

We ate and drank and were merry. Then the toasts were given, which, in order, were as follows:—

OUR ALMA MATER, . . . Mr. Allen, '03.

'Tis a time for gay fancies as fleeting and vain
As the whisper of foam-beads on fresh-poured
champagne,
Since dinners were not perhaps strictly designed
For manœuvring the heavy dragoons of the mind.
When I hear your set speeches that start with a pop,
Then wander and maunder, too feeble to stop.
—Lowell.

According to the conclusion of the Saturday Night Dramatic Club of the college, two plays were to be rendered for the benefit of the college athletic association to relieve it of its debt to the extent of about thirty dollars. The play "The Deacon's Tribulations" and "Tatters, the Pet of Squatters' Gulch," were played in the Chapel Hall, Saturday evenings, February 9th, and March 9th, respectively, and were both carried out without the least difficulty. The audience at each play was unusually large, and the proceeds from the sale of tickets for admission to both plays finally netted altogether a nice sum of about sixty dollars, which, as already stated, goes to the association. The play "Tatters" was so creditable that its *dramatis personæ* is worthy of notice:

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venom'd sting!

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear—no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But thine is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep.

Then the body was taken to Connecticut to be laid at rest.

On the eve of the birthday of the Father of his Country, we gave the annual athletic exhibition at the Gymnasium, which was met with much success in every respect. On the morrow we had a holiday, but it was spent in rather a quiet manner. An "At Home," some kind of reception, imitating one in colonial days, was given by the Co-eds to the Faculty.

Warm congratulations have been flowing in for Prof. and Mrs. Hall because of the birth of a new bouncing boy-baby on the 4th inst.

REALISM IN ART.

REALISM in art is the goal towards which every true artist directs his efforts. Illustrations of success are related occasionally, usually about the "old masters." It is refreshing, therefore, that once in a while the doings of the defunct knights of the palette and chisel are equalled by living aspirants for fame. The story of Michael Angelo painting a fly on the canvas of a brother artist, that was so life-like that the unsuspecting painter tried to "shoo" it away, is well known and often retold. Mr. Albert Ballin, who shines alike as a horny-handed farmer, a versatile politician, and a portrait painter, tells the following, which need not be taken *cum grano salis*. He painted a life-size portrait of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet a few years ago, and when finished it was placed in a corner of the reverend gentleman's library or parlor. A deaf-mute, who is noted for his politeness and urbanity, called to see Dr. Gallaudet, and was ushered into the room wherein the portrait stood. He cast one glance around the room, and seeing what appeared to be Rev. Dr. Gallaudet seated in the corner, he approached, bowing and smiling, with extended hand and the customary greeting and inquiry concerning the good doctor's health only to find that he was confronting the oil-painting that Ballin had just completed.

The above is called to mind by a little anecdote about Tilden's statue of the "Bear Hunters," told by Editor Caldwell, of the California *Nerves*. Mr. Caldwell is known from Androscoggin to Yuba Dam as a poet of no small calibre. He is equally at home as a descriptive writer or a controversialist. He tells the truth delightfully, and can "settle the hash" of a newspaper opponent in such charmingly pure and liquid English that it is almost a pleasure to be the victim of his trenchant pen. The following is Mr. Caldwell's endorsement of Douglas Tilden as a sculptor:—

"One day last week there was given on the grounds of the Institution a striking illustration of the power of art. A stray dog was strolling timorously over the green near the statue of the Bear Hunters, when suddenly, out of the corner of his eyes, he caught sight of the great bronze Indian, with uplifted tomahawk, towering over him. Tucking his tail between his legs, that dog took the trail for the North Pole at a speed that promised well for his reaching his destination before sun-down."—E. A. Hodgson, in *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.



Photo.-Eng. by C. J. LeClercq

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THE FRATERNITY.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves
Or lose our ventures.—*Shakespeare*.

TOASTMASTER,
Mr. Taylor, '01.

THE CO-EDS, . . . Mr. Andree, '02.

Then here's to contentment,
And here's to good cheer,
And happiness ever when wed,
For the song that I sing
Has a true, hearty ring—
'Tis a song to our pretty Co-ed.

THE NEW MEMBERS, . . . Mr. Drake, '04.

If you want to see some greenies,
I'll tell you what to do;
Just come and see the Freshies,
There are green ones, not a few.

THE FACULTY, . . . Prof. Hall.

Men must be taught.—*Pope*.

THE ALUMNI, . . . Mr. Clark, '02.

His absence from his mother oft he'll mourn,
And, with his eyes, look wishes to return.
—*Dryden*.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Titinia Timberlake, "Tatters," the pet of
Squatters' Gulch, . . . G. F. Flick, '03.
Major Timberlake, the proprietor of
Squatters' Gulch Hotel, . . . G. P. Allen, '03.
Robert Ferris, a half-breed Indian, . . . W. M. Lawrence, '02.
John Martson, a landowner from the East, . . . W. S. Runde, '01.
Phil Dolan, Squatters, . . . W. M. Strong, '02.
Abe Witherspoon, Squatters, . . . P. T. Hughes, '03.
Moses Lilybloom, a servant of Squatters' Gulch, . . . J. H. Keiser, I.C.
Jacob Kent, a land speculator, . . . C. A. Painter, '02.
Mrs. Timothy Timberlake, . . . H. G. Long, I.C.
Clementina Fairlace, a young lady from Boston, . . . W. C. Fugate, I.C.
Sheriff Gorgas, . . . G. G. Barham, '04.
Tony, a clown, . . . J. L. Friend, I.C.

Mrs. Peet, the mother of Miss Peet, one of the teachers at the Kendall School, and also the teacher of the Introductory class here, and the wife of the late Dr. Peet, breathed her last on Tuesday, the 5th inst. Two days after her death the body was laid in state in Chapel Hall where the whole college and her friends joined with Miss Peet in her bereavement. The funeral ceremonies having been conducted and Dr. Gallaudet having given a brief eulogy of the dear, noble woman and her husband, Dr. Peet, wherein he praised them for the work they had labored so long for the interest of the deaf, Miss Ritchie, '03, well rendered the following hymn:—

Brooklyn Borough, N. Y.

WITH February, we have had a touch of the long delayed winter, but naught cared the deaf for the bitter cold, when pleasure was in store.

The masquerade, given by the Elect Surds, on the evening of February 2d, seems to have been an improvement over that given last winter, both in attendance as well as in the ball-room of the hall in which it took place.

Liederkrantz Hall is one of the finest that can be secured in the eastern part of this borough. There were fully two hundred and fifty present, the greater part being in masquerade costume.

We compliment the League upon the pains they took for the comfort of their patrons, but we would suggest that in future, at such entertainments, the side-board if on the same floor, be hidden from view of the ladies in the ball-room.

We have received several copies of a new paper published in the interests of the deaf—*The Recorder*, of Syracuse, N. Y. But they are only initial numbers, and nothing to what it expects to be later on. We can not help wondering, when there were several old established papers for the deaf, which have held their ground for years, that new ones should spring into existence. It is a very risky business for one man to shoulder all the expense for publishing a new paper, without having a State appropriation, as in the case of papers of long standing.

Would-be publishers ought to consider well before assuming the responsibility, and remember the short-lived fate of the *Deaf-Mutes' Exponent* and *Once A Week*. But from appearances Mr. Geary, the publisher, seems to have entered the field to stay, and as he is offering correspondents fair terms for their services, and seems to have plenty of capital, there seems to be a fair chance for his paper to succeed, especially as he seems to have plenty of grit, push, and a determination to overcome all obstacles.

We were sorry to learn that the business of Smith & Meinken were so badly damaged by fire, the early part of February, as to necessitate a suspension of business for the time being, and compelling some twenty-five to be idle.

Only on February, 4th, the writer paid a visit to the factory in New York, and by the courtesy of the senior partner was shown through the entire plant. They had only lately started in the crepe-paper line, besides carrying on their old business of manufacturing wall-paper. The fire fiend got in his work a day or two after our visit.

Miss Mary L. F. Bertine, of Decatur street, extended her numerous friends a social party at the palatial home of her parents, on the evening of February 8th. The handsome residence was brilliantly illuminated, and those favored with invitations began to arrive after 8 p.m. Speeches and story-telling were the order of the early part of the evening. Some of Miss Bertine's work with the brush in oil colors was much admired.

Mr. and Mrs. Bertine, Sr., were present, and did all in their power to promote the enjoyment of the guests. About eleven o'clock a grand march to the dining saloon took place, where the guests were fairly dazed at the magnificent collation spread on the long extension table—a feast fit for a prince—and for a time the guests deluded themselves with the idea that they had entered the halls of the noble. They did full justice to the tempting viands placed before them. Here, again, Messrs. Wilkinson and Juhring exercised their oratorial powers in compliments to our hospitable host and hostess, who were well pleased to see their children, a son and a daughter, enjoying themselves to their heart's content, for their two children were so unfortunate to lose their hearing in early childhood; and their children's enjoyment was their own pleasure, as well as the pleasure of their guests.

Mr. Geo. Reynolds interpreted orally for the benefit of the hearing, and he is said to have an agreeable and clear voice for one who lost his hearing in childhood.

A group by flash-light was taken by Wm. Moore, and another by Mr. H. Bertine. As the parlors are spacious very good results were obtained, one of which is here reproduced in re-

duced form. Wm. Moore deserves credit for his work. Below are the names of those who were present: Mr. and Mr. Juhring, Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Beck and Miss Eliza Anderson, Mrs. Mollie Kidd, Mr. Fitzgerald and Miss Mattie Schiffrin, Miss Ethel Bell, Mr. John Wilkinson, Harry Gloistein, Chas. Johnson, Geo. Reynolds, Miss Dorothy Willett, Hugh Conlon, Mr. and Mrs. Bertine, Miss Mary L. Bertine with Mr. Moses Loew, Miss H. Henry, James Gass, Miss Emma Bamann.

Some misinformed person, some time ago, started the story to the effect that Mrs. Mollie Kidd had died. We wish to inform her friends that the rumor was without foundation as she is still enjoying good health in the land of the living.

At the last meeting of the guild it was decided to have an afternoon and evening festival some day during the coming summer. A special committee was appointed for the purpose of finding a suitable park and date. The committee are Hugh Conlon, chairman; Frank Eeka, James Darney, Joseph Schloss, and Joshua Levy.

So highly is the *SILENT WORKER* appreciated by its subscribers that in families where there are two deaf children, both subscribe, in order that they may have their copies bound, and call their book their own.

From time to time the newspapers have contained paragraphs relating to the Akouallion,



Silent Worker Eng.

SELECT SOCIAL PARTY AT THE HOME OF MISS MARY L. F. BERTINE.

the latest invention for enabling the deaf to hear. These paragraphs, as is usually the case with newspaper articles seem to be greatly exaggerated and erroneous. For instance, the article contained in the *New York Sunday World*, dated February 24th, with illustrations of Frank Senior and John Wilkinson, in the act of testing the invention, mentions that all four of the deaf present had never heard a sound. Now Frank Senior is well known to the deaf of New York and Brooklyn as a semi-mute who lost his hearing at the age of about twelve or so. He still possesses the power of speech to such an extent that he converses almost as well as a person with perfect hearing, and is, besides, one of the best lip-readers of the present day. Whether he still possesses the power of hearing to a limited degree, we do not know.

Some months ago, the writer was so fortunate as to test this invention, and at the time described his ideas in the *SILENT WORKER* on its possibilities in the near future. It may be that the inventor has made additional improvements, but up to date we have not heard of any semi-mute who could hear clearly enough with this invention to hear clearly what is spoken. It is true that the writer himself could hear sound with it when he tested it, but it is a well known fact that the deaf when standing near a piano, or by placing their hand on the instrument, can hear sound vibrations. The writer is totally deaf, but there have been times, when a band passed on the street with drum accompaniment, when he could feel the vibrations in his room up in the third story of the house, and on several occasions, when standing on the deck of a ferry boat, could feel the whistle of a tug boat passing near by. But of course this is not hearing.

But Mr. Hutchinson deserves great credit for his invention, and it is possible that with further experimenting, at some future day, the deaf may be able to hear with his invention, or that having sound conveyed to their ears under the name of massage of the inner ear, in time their hearing may be improved or restored, as in the case of children who have been educated at the New York Institution, who were found to have a particle of hearing left, and with proper training for the ear their hearing was developed.

We are expecting another appointment with Mr. Hutchinson, and may be able to have reliable information to give in the next number of the *SILENT WORKER*.

On the evening of the 28th, Mr. H. F. Driscoll delivered a lecture before the Guild on the Philippines and their people. Before starting on his subject, he made a few remarks on his ability as a sign maker, stating that as he had been educated at an oral school, he was not very proficient, but would do his best. The audience appreciated his efforts, and found the subject interesting and instructive. At the finish several of the deaf expressed their opinions on the different methods of instructing the deaf. Mr. John Wilkinson talked favorably on the combined method. Mr. Robert Maynard on the fact that, while lip reading and speech are of advantage to some of the deaf, signs must predominate when talking to an audience, and remarked on the fact that after leaving school, the orally-taught deaf soon acquire a knowledge of the sign-language any way.

LEO GREIS.

188 Adelpia St.

PROMINENT DEAF PERSONS OF BROOKLYN.

THE portrait we present with this issue is that of the newly elected President of the Brooklyn Guild, Geo. L. Reynolds. He was born in New York city about the year of 1857. He lost his hearing from typhus fever when thirteen years of age; was confined to a sick bed about four months but recovered completely, thanks to a devoted mother's loving care.

He had entered a Public school in New York before he became deaf.

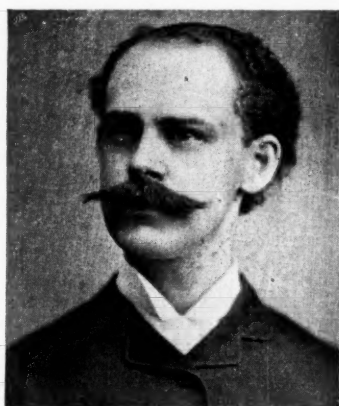
In 1870, he entered the New York Institution and was at once put in the high class. Upon this organization of a Supplemental class for the purpose of giving a college course of study, he was at once promoted. This class was composed of deaf teachers and the more advanced pupils of the high class. Its instructors were Professors Cooke, Syle, Jenkins and Clarke, under the supervision of Dr. Peet.

Left school in 1872, but five years later, re-entered for the purpose of acquiring some knowledge of the printing art, and to prepare for college, but in this last purpose circumstances intervened.

Was graduated from the New York Institution with the class of '79, and immediately obtained employment. A few months later, he obtained a better position in a large publishing house, where he remained about ten years. In 1889, he was offered a position as teacher in the Northern New York Institution, at Malone, remaining in the capacity for seven years. He became a successful teacher and devoted his best abilities to the educational advancement of the pupils under him. His pupils were always exhibited with pride by the superintendent and principal to distinguished visitors.

As editor of the *Deaf-Mutes' Advocate*, published at the Institution, he became well and favorably known to the deaf of the country. The *Advocate* became a power for good among the deaf, under his editorship, as he could not be brow-beaten or bribed from what he considered his duty to the deaf.

Changes were made in the corps of teachers and employees in the summer of 1896, when he returned to Brooklyn, bringing with him many letters of recommendation from the trustees as



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GEO. L. REYNOLDS.

well as citizens of Malone. When he arrived, the Presidential campaign of '96 was at its height, and the business outlook was very dark, and he was for some time unable to secure employment.

After things brightened somewhat, perseverance was rewarded, and he secured employment in the finishing department of a large plate printing establishment, where he has since remained.

In appearance he is of slight build, active and bright. He is the sole support of his widowed mother, and is a bachelor. He is a great reader and of studious inclinations. He prefers to converse in the single-hand alphabet to the deaf, and in speech to the hearing, and is said to possess a good voice. He is thoroughly American, and a member of the Episcopal church.

He was elected President of the Guild by a large majority of the votes cast. LEO GREIS.
188 Adelphia St., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Adelaide, Australia.

THE Deaf and Dumb Church and Institute, of which we are able to give a half-tone cut through the kindness of Mr. Harold V. Gregory is located on Wright St., Adelaide. Besides providing the means of worship on Sundays, this admirable Institution serves as a meeting place for the members of the literary, athletic and other clubs which have been formed among the deaf of Adelaide. Other features are an excellent library reading-room and concert hall, in which concerts, lectures, etc., are frequently held. The church and institute are under the control of a legally incorporated society, termed the South Australian Adult Deaf and Dumb Mission, on whose committee may be found the names of many of the most intelligent deaf of Adelaide. It is interesting to note that the paid officers of the Mission are deaf, including the Missionary himself, who resides in excellent quarters provided for him in the Institute building.

It is generally admitted that the Church itself is one of the most beautiful in Adelaide, "The City of Churches," as it is called throughout Australia.

It is also allowed that the deaf of this State are under an enormous debt of gratitude to Mr. S. Johnson, M.A., who not only did the bulk of the work of organization in the early days, but has continued to superintend its affairs up to the present. It is regretted that the exigencies of Mr. Johnson's educational work makes it necessary for him to withdraw shortly.

At a future date we hope to be able to give a sketch of the Farm for Aged and Infirm Deaf at Parafield, South Australia, with pictures.

Still are the thoughts to memory dear.
—Rokeby.

The Deaf In Business.

WILLIAM WOLCOTT BEADELL.

THE success of W. W. Beadell, of Middlebury, Vermont, is a brilliant example of what a deaf man can accomplish when he has a thorough industrial training, backed by a good education and plenty of brains.

Mr. Beadell is a western product, having been born, some thirty-five years ago, at Dubuque, Iowa. When he was five years old, his parents moved farther west, to Le Mars, in the same state, where young Beadell grew up.

His education as a printer began as soon as he was able to tell one type from another, and was the result of his boyhood associations. His chum at school was the son of the village editor. When the lads were about ten years old, this chum got Beadell to use his skill at composition and write a love letter for him. This, the boy was so incautious as to lose, before it reached its destination. It so happened that this letter found its way, (as such things often do) to the school marm. This unromantic woman promptly turned it over to the boy's father, and this unfeeling parent printed the amatory epistle, name and all, in his paper. Far from being abashed at the publicity given his love affairs, the youthful swain considered it a good thing, and took all the credit of its composition unto himself. But Beadell's reward came later.

After school and on Saturdays, the boys made the printing office their play ground, and soon became familiar with the click of type and the noisy jar of machinery, imbibing, with the dust and ink of the office, all the mysteries and traditions of the printer's trade.

When they were about twelve, they chalked off a type case on the office floor, got some type from the "hell-box," and printed several issues of a small paper, about 2½ x 4 inches, which they called "The Midget," and circulated among their school fellows. They earned circus money by folding papers on press days and making themselves generally useful about the office.

At fourteen, Beadell had learned the cases and began to set straight matter, working after school hours and on holidays.

At the age of eight he had an attack of Spinal Meningitis, which left him partially deaf. But he kept on at school, depending upon lip-reading and the little hearing he had, until that grew worse so that he had to leave when within two years of graduating. He went directly into the office as a regular compositor, and two years later was foreman of a country newspaper. At eighteen and nineteen he was working on a daily.

This was at the time of the great prohibition movement in Iowa, and Beadell contributed fre-



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WILLIAM W. BEADELL.

quently to the discussion of the temperance question that so much filled the newspapers at that time.

In order to better qualify himself for editorial work, he decided to enter college and take a literary course. He began preparing himself for this by getting up at five o'clock in the morning and reviewing his studies before breakfast. In the fall of 1886 he entered Gallaudet College with a class of twelve, but was the only one of them to complete the course, graduating in 1891 with the degree of B.A.

While in Washington, he acted as correspondent of his home papers, and during his last years there, was the college correspondent of the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*. During vacations, he was employed on newspapers, and one summer was city editor of the *Le Mars Daily Globe*.

After his graduation, he immediately took up the work for which he had been preparing himself and bought *The News* at Yellow Creek, in Stephenson County, Illinois. One of his first acts was to start a successful movement to rid the town of its ugly name, and substitute for it that of "Pearl City," from the fact that pearls were found in the clams of the "yellow creek" that ran by the town.

Mr. Beadell improved the paper and plant which he had purchased, so that, in 1896, he was able to sell out at an appreciable advantage. He accepted a position as instructor in the Minnesota school, but after a year, he gave it up and returned to his chosen profession.

For the past four years, Mr. Beadell has been editor of the *Middlebury Register*, of Middlebury, Vermont, and manager of the Register Printing Company, of which ex-senator Battel is the owner. The Company, besides publishing the *Register*, does a general printing business, including book making, and employs about fifteen men.

His position is one of responsibility and trust, requiring good executive ability and a thorough knowledge of the Printer's art as well as literary qualifications—all of which Mr. Beadell possesses to a high degree.

Besides his regular work, he acts as correspondent to the *Boston Herald* and in this capacity recently proved his ability, in spite of his deafness, by "scooping" a special reporter detailed from the city to write up a sensational murder case, where a man set about killing his wife's entire family and himself. In another instance, he sent in the first detailed account of a "man hunt," when two escaped prisoners killed a man and were finally run to earth in a swamp.

On June sixth, 1895, Mr. Beadell was married to Miss Luciana Chickering, daughter of Prof. Chickering of Gallaudet College, where their acquaintance began. Mrs. Beadell shares her husband's literary tastes and their cozy home in Middlebury is full of books and other evidences of culture.
J. S. L.



Silent Worker Eng.

DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTE, ADELAIDE, AUSTRALIA.

Kinotoscope and Telephone,

AND NEW YORK NOTES

EDITED BY ALEXANDER L. PACH.

THOSE who enjoy the personal friendship of Mr. Miller Reese Hutchinson, the young inventor of the Akoulalion, and other devices to aid the deaf will unhesitatingly testify that he is heart and soul in his work, and is a real friend of the deaf. The amount of advertising which his invention has had of late is no more than is his due, but the extravagant claims made by sensational newspapers as to the ability of the totally deaf to hear not only injure, the deaf, but Mr. Hutchinson and his inventions as well.

Being entirely disinterested I am able to be entirely frank and it has been my experience that a totally deaf person can get no more benefit from the Akoulalion so far as actual hearing is concerned than one can get from placing the hand on a piano when it is being played to hear the music. In feeling the vibrations thus produced imagination plays a powerful part and a deaf person is liable to be carried away by what he would like to experience rather than by what he actually does.

The intense reproduction of sound by vibration that the Akoulalion is capable of often deceives the experimenter and if one could accustom himself to its use, in time it might be possible to understand spoken language, but this is mere conjecture.

Since the results of Mr. Hutchinson's labors have been proclaimed in the "yellow journals," grossly exaggerated, the friends of deaf people all over the country have been writing them: sending the lurid saffron-hued sheets and congratulating them that their day of deliverance is at hand.

To the deaf all over the globe who are looking forward to emancipation I would say that there is hope that in time we may have a device that will enable us to hear, but that that time has not been reached.

Remember how crude were the revolutionizing appliances that we know now as the steam-engine, Telegraph, Sewing-machine, Typewriter, and Telephone.

Mr. Hutchinson may in time, come to be looked upon as a Franklin, Howe, Watts, Morse, Bell, Westinghouse, Tesla, or Marconi, and on the other hand, some genius may study his field of invention and perfect his appliances just as many others have labored, years just within, yet just without the cap-stone that is to crown their work.

Mr. Hutchinson's company are tireless in searching for improvements and their resources are taxed to the utmost, so purchasers not only have to wait but for the present free trial except at their offices, is not open to all.

Featured as having been successful in the trial of the appliance, though the articles did not say so directly, one prominent deaf man (and by deaf, I mean totally deaf) who is known by all the deaf of this country and other countries as well, was fairly inundated by the letters that followed the announcements, and as he was unable to reply to all, he caused the following circular letter to be printed, and it is so terse and comprehensive that I reproduce it here suppressing only his name, and that simply because I have not his permission to use it:

DEAR SIR:—I have received so many inquiries concerning my experience with the Akoulalion, that it is impossible to answer all questions propounded. I am therefore obliged to confine myself to the following statement:—

I became deaf from cerebro-spinal meningitis. My hearing is totally destroyed. Contrary to newspaper statements, I did not hear the music of a guitar by means of the Akoulalion. With the instrument, I can differentiate a few simple words by great mental effort. For me, the Akoulalion has no practical value. Nevertheless, it is the most powerful conductor of sound that I have tried, and I have tried all that came under my notice for a quarter of a century. My opinion is that the Akoulalion will be of value in cases where there is a slight degree of hearing. It can be adjusted to varying degrees of deafness, just as spectacles are adjusted to defective sight. The instrument is made in both stationary and portable form. Its penetrative power is obtained

through electricity. Only individual tests can decide its effectiveness in the case you present.

I do not know the prices of instruments. The inventor's business address is: Mr. Miller R. Hutchinson, 42 East 20th Street, New York City.

To all the deaf who are able, I would say if you have a vestige of hearing and are able to, make a personal trial of the appliance—not once or twice but several times in succession. Do not lose your head and forget that your sense of "feel" is something marvellous and that you can, purely by its aid, feel the contact when you drop a copper where a normal person might or might not hear it drop.

Take into consideration that the noise children make when you are trying to read is so intensified that though a hearing person would not mind it, it "jars" on you.

Deaf as you are, you can feel the vibration of spoken words and distinguish one or two if you apply yourself to it thoroughly, with no other aid than a common dining table and some one to speak so that the top of it acts as a sounding board.

This is the principle of the Akoulalion as it strikes one who is totally deaf.

When *Cerebro Spinal Meningitis*, or many of the other fell diseases, destroy the sense of hearing, the job is done thoroughly, so to speak, and with the loss of the auditory nerve to carry sound, we are hopeless.

False legs, false arms, and the like, are all right, but glass eyes carry no sight to the blind and no machine has yet been invented to carry sounds where the auditory nerves are dead.

Speaking of my comment on the "marble-heart" reception (and it isn't such a far cry from dead ears to marble-hearts) that some Institution graduates get, one of them suggested to me that it's because the status of affairs at schools for the deaf has been changed, to a very great extent, by the "lady oral teacher" who has supplanted in so many instances the "Prof." of the good old days, and even the old woman teacher, and this is very far from disrespect.

The "old woman" teacher was one who reached the profession by reason of the fact that she had deaf relatives or friends, and knowing more or less of the "sure" language (as opposed to the "guess" language) of the deaf, she became a teacher because she was able to talk as her pupils talked and thus became friends with them, and these friendships endured.

Only the other day, a deaf man here in New York called on his former teacher when he happened to be in her city, and they had a real heart to heart talk as mother and son might, and each knew what the other was talking about.

This proved their last meeting, for as these lines are being written the dear old teacher lies cold in death and in another twenty-four hours will have been laid tenderly away to the real rest found only in the grave.

To-day, young girls fresh from High School, are put in the school-room after a comparatively short drill in, which they are taught the elements of speech.

Instead of its being a recommendation, a knowledge of the sign-language, or even the ability to use the manual language, is a positive deterrent.

And the result of all this (exceptional rule-proving cases excepted) is that the education of the deaf is anything but thorough, and there is not that amount of trust, confidence and love between instructor and instructed that there was under the old regime.

It's a matter of very recent happening in one of our largest and most prominent schools, that the teachers gave a big party in the Institution, and there wasn't a pupil invited.

Such things were not, in the olden days, and the occurrence was made possible only because of the influx of an element who can never, by any possibility, occupy the place of their predecessors, who knew their pupils and loved them and won their confidence because they not only understood but were understood.

Somebody (I think it was the homely though lovable "Josh Billings") said that "all you need in love and a horse-trade is confidence — and

you need it both, as pupil and teacher, where the deaf are concerned, and when you spell out "The earth is not flat," you know you have conveyed intelligence that is understood, but if you speak the same words some of your class with all the concentration of mind and eye (and it's a difficult nerve-trying brain-racking thing to bring about this joint concentration) might understand it to be "The girth of a cat," or "The birth of a hat," "The hearse stood pat," and there you are!

There are a great many earnest hard working young women puckering their lips in schools for the deaf, who as teachers by manual methods, might be very pinnacles of success, but are simple treadmill workers going the same weary rounds day, after day whose charges acquire education, not because of their work, but in spite of it—and because of their inability to reach the heart, come to regard their charges in anything but the way their predecessors did.

This state of affairs has brought about a wide gulf between the oral teacher and the pupil and the breach grows wider. The pupil, instead of regarding her as a kind, loving friend, eager to impart knowledge, simply regards her as a hard task-master who, not being in the "cured" class must simply be endured.

And what of the pupil? Forbid him intercourse with his fellow deaf, in order to preserve his speech; build up barriers and obstructions and restrictions to your heart's content and you will accomplish nothing.

In a village of a thousand souls, all unlike him, he will not find a congenial one, he will walk fifteen miles to another town to meet a man who doesn't know half that he does; who is twice his age, who may be his direct opposite, but that bond of deafness and the ability to converse with each other, carries all before it.

Here are girls surrounded by every luxury; palatial homes, carriages, and all the creature comforts that wealth can purchase, who, though deaf, are "in society" with all that implies and yet, by reason of their deafness, they find "they don't fit in anywhere," as one of them said some years ago.

And why?

Because their means of conversation are false and stilted. Because they are never sure. Because they must be hypocrites. They must smile when others smile, must applaud when others applaud.

There is that ever present feeling of something lacking and the time comes sooner or later when "The Bird in the Gilded cage" in very despair finds solace in the company of another girl—and finds more happiness in the companionship of the girl from the tenement than she does in the drawing room.

And it's natural, too, it's the human of it.

Once I knew a boy—he lost his hearing at 12, and went to an oral school, and from there to a higher educational institution for the hearing. He was one of four, by the way, who were exceptionally bright lads, and who were fitted for a collegiate career and every one of them dropped; two, while freshmen, one as a sophomore and one continued the course but did not get a degree—Gallaudet College has never made such a woeful showing and it's material as a rule was, in the rough, at least, very much inferior.

Fitted (supposedly) for a career with the hearing this young man when he joined the work-a-day world naturally gravitated to his fellow deaf, and there he is to-day, an expert in signs and a hail fellow well met, with his deaf companions and his oral training is of but the slightest possible use to him.

Isn't there an old adage to the effect that you may direct an equine to the fount where the *aqua pura* sparkles in unlimited quantities, but that there is no adequate provision in Nature's laws or man's artifices to compel him to partake thereof?

A. L. PACH.

An old farmer said to his son previous to the boy's departure for town: "Now don't forget while ye're in the city to get some uv them 'lectric light plants, we hearn so much about. We kin jis ez well raise, 'em ourselves an' save kero sene."

Pennsylvania.

THE popular saying that, "nobody knows how much he can do until he tries," is so full of truth and good for us all that it is remarkable how often we forget it. How many opportunities are lost then!

A story is told of Napoleon that, on one occasion, when he had requested one of his men to do a certain thing and was told that it was impossible, the Emperor, with considerable show of feeling, replied that, there is nothing impossible. It was one of the indomitable traits of the great General to surmount all obstacles that came in his way, and now we and future generations must always marvel at his great successes.

It really seems that we put too much faith in the word "impossible," and too little in "possible." In other words, we too often say "No" when we should say "Yes." All of us are apt to err thus, at times in our life, and we can see nothing harmful in not trying to use our talents and powers to the fullest extent. Some think that, if they try a little and are unsuccessful, they are excused from further effort; that, if a society or club desires to carry out some good scheme, but has no funds in the treasury, the thing is not worth trying; that, if results seem in doubt the work is inadvisable; and that, *only what one knows or believes in advance to be possible is worthy of being done.*

Ah! how often we despair when we should be persevering. How easily our thoughts and feelings discourage us all too soon! It seems as though we are all attacked with a certain form of insanity—harmless, perhaps, yet of such a degree that we are for the time being bereft of our usual good sense. We forget what is good for us. Our memory fails to recall the good old Roman proverb—"Perseverance conquers all things." And thus good opportunities are often lost simply because of a common weakness in our nature. The ant, that little creature which we detest like any insect, yet teaches us a wonderful lesson of perseverance, and this is why Solomon, the wisest man that ever lived, says in Proverbs VI-6. "Go to the ant—consider her ways, and be wise." As an illustration of the ant's perseverance, let us tell you of an ant carrying a piece of wood, bigger than herself, across a room. Arriving at the wall, she attempted to take it up, but, of course, failed. She would be able to take it up a little way and then fall down. Again she would try and get it up a little farther and then tumble down. A gentleman, who watched her counted her failures, which were sixty-nine times. A seventieth effort was made and, to the great admiration of the gentleman, she succeeded.

Now, reader, it is not our intention to give an essay on perseverance here, but we have simply made these remarks as an introductory to what we propose to say next.

We have an biding faith in the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf. We believe that it is the best society of the deaf in this State; that it is capable of doing a great deal of good; that he has many opportunities for proving its usefulness to the deaf; and that, with careful management and honest effort, it will in time become known to the world as being precisely what its name implies—a society for the advancement of the deaf. We admit unreservedly that a sincere effort has been made and is now being made to bring to a successful issue the highest aim that it is possible for the Society to have; *i. e.*, to found and foster a Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf. Passing this, we now glance over the balance of the Society's work and regret to admit that very little work of importance has been accomplished for a long while. There has been much good work outlined, many valuable suggestions have been received from the brightest lights of the State, and scores of resolutions have testified to the intelligence and business ability of our deaf, but, alas! nothing has ever come of them. How discreditable! Lack of effort was chiefly responsible for it. Faithful old members can tell you how it was. They know that the cry, "No money in the Treasury," was raised too often. Other excuses offered were: "It is impossible;" "There are not enough workers;" "The deaf will refuse to help;" "It makes too much work;" "It won't do much

good;" "It won't pay," and many similar ones. Thus thoughts, not action, prevailed. Effort was not thought of. Hence, a number of laudable resolutions are still in a trance-like state, awaiting a savior, or workers to put them to a thorough test. We have always protested against talking work down before giving it a trial. If our past "kicking" has not been strong enough, we propose to keep right on at it, hoping in the end to triumph like the ants whose exploit we have cited above. It will not be for our own glory as much as for the good of all the deaf. If we are really anxious to do good and to know how much good is possible by the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, we can do more by digging than by thinking. That is true of all things.

We will close this subject by quoting a story from *Youth* in illustration of our point that we gain most by work, and that we don't know what value lies under a thing till a hard effort is made to find it out.

"Two Spanish students, walking to Salamanca, halted at a fountain on the roadside. Having quenched their thirst and sat down to rest, they happened to observe beside them, on a flat stone lying level with the road, some words which had evidently been for a long time trodden and worn by the feet of the flock that were watered from the spring. They poured water over the indistinct, half-covered inscription, and read these words in Castilian, 'Here lies the soul of Peter Garcias, probationer.' The younger student, who was of a lively and thoughtless disposition, burst in laughter when he read the words, and exclaimed, 'What an idea! a soul under a stone. He must have been an original genius who composed this epitaph.' His companion being gifted with greater sense, said to himself, There is mystery here; I will wait till I have cleared it up." As soon, therefore, as the other, walking carelessly away, had gone out of sight, Alfonso set himself to work with his knife all round the stone, and at length succeeded in raising it.

Underneath lay a leathern purse, which he opened. It contained one hundred ducats, with a card, on which were written in Latin the following words: "Be my heir, because you have had wit enough to find out the meaning of the inscription; and make a better use of my money than I have done." The student put the purse in his pocket, replaced the stone, and went on his way rejoicing."

The surprising announcement, that the Chinese (P. E.) Mission was arranging to use All Souls' Church for religious exercises, was made by the Rev. J. M. Koehler on Sunday afternoon, March 3rd, directly after the meeting of the Bible Classes. There was a large attendance at the Classes, and they received the news with unmistakable surprise on their countenances.

But, after Mr. Koehler had explained that the new arrangement would in no way interfere with the regular work of the deaf, and that they were not expected to co-mingle with the Chinese, considerable relief was felt. It was further explained that the Chinese Mission only wanted to use the church on Sunday and Monday evenings; that they would contribute towards the maintenance of the church in return for the privilege of using it, and that good advantages may result to All Souls in the way of drawing more generous friends to it through the two Missions. Bishop Whitaker is in hearty favor of the plan. As the deaf will retain control of the Church building and the Chinese Mission is simply given the use of it at stated times, it does not seem to conflict with the clause in the deed of trust which specifies that the church shall be held for the *exclusive use of the deaf*, under a liberal interpretation. Thus the church is put to a greater use. It has been the one Episcopal church in the central part of the city that has been most little used, the deaf meeting there only twice a week, except when services are held on Holy days and during the Lenten season. Another reason why All Souls' was chosen by the friends of the Chinese Mission is because of its close situation to Chinatown and because of its easy access from all parts of the city. The Mission has about 150 members and is assisted financially and influentially by some of the best men in the Church, the same

being also interested in All Souls' Mission. The announcement was made by Rev. Mr. Koehler to discern what opposition, if any, there was to giving the Chinese the use of the church. He must have been gratified to note that but one lady objected, while a number of others came forward in defence of the much abused sons of the Flowery Kingdom. We believe, however, that this lady will yet give her assent out of the depth of her charity, if for no other reason.

It seems a little strange that the first Pastor of All Souls' Church, Henry Winter Syle, was born in China while his father was a Missionary there, and that now, after these many years, a Chinese Mission is to worship in the church which he had founded.

The Trustees of the Pennsylvania Society have organized as follows:—Chairman, R. M. Ziegler; Secretary, J. A. McIlvaine, Jr., and Treasurer, F. W. Booth.

Miss Deborah Hoyt Marshall, of Port Chester, N. Y., whose parents formerly resided in Philadelphia, delivered "Richard Carvel" before the Clerc Literary Association, on January 10th. Her father has served the Association both as Secretary and President.

Mrs. Margaret Craven Van Count, one of the oldest and most respected deaf ladies, in Philadelphia, died suddenly on January 16th, of rheumatism of the heart. She had just rounded her 78th year. She was a faithful member of All Souls' Church, and left many friends to mourn her loss.

JAMES S. REIDER.

Our Graduates.



Silent Worker Eng.

MARVIN S. HUNT,

of Lambertville, N. J., is another of our graduates who is proving himself a credit to the New Jersey School.

After eleven years in school, with six to his credit in the printing office, he graduated and very soon secured employment in the office of *The Lambertville Record*, and has held the position ever since. His employer is perfectly satisfied with his work, which is equal to the best jobber or pressman in the office. Mr. Hunt was two years old when he lost his hearing and is twenty-one now. He can read the lips and speak fairly well.

Desiring to further his education, he has taken up a course of study in Book-keeping and Business Forms in the Scranton International Correspondence School.

Mr. D'Estrella in the *California News* says that there are over forty deaf-mute people living in Seattle, Wash., all of whom are employed. They are going to organize a Deaf-Mute Club, which will meet every two weeks for social enjoyments.



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ALL CONTRIBUTIONS must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

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ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

The question of the hour!—What is your average?

A TRUE STORY.—Johnny's mamma paid him a visit yesterday. Johnny is in the hospital today.

HONKS. BRO. EDWARD HECKER did not send us a copy of "Honks," and so we do not owe him anything; but we must felicitate him upon the very complimentary notice he gets from the *Inland Printer* this month. A half page is devoted to reproductions of his artistic and striking little work, and the complimentary references that are made are enough to turn our brother's head. As the *Printer* is the authority upon such things, it is no ordinary praise, and the editor of the *Hoosier* has every reason to feel a modicum of pride at having risen to such fame.

TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH. THE epidemic of wonderful things concerning the deaf that came with the grip has not shown any of the signs of abatement that have marked the course of the latter disease. Indeed, it daily reaches a more acute stage, until there is at this juncture nothing that may be said concerning them that will not do for "copy." We conclude each day that the limit has been reached only to find, the next, that there are possibilities of the imagination and of language hitherto quite unknown. The century just passed is chronicled as "the wonderful century;" the one we are entering upon promises to be yet more wonderful, and the most wonderful things of the most wonderful of centuries will be, unless all signs fail, the tales from the deaf world. For splendid diction and fine imagery, they may be models, but the scintilla of truth that remains seems to have little chance of survival, and there are evidences that with the very near future will come its utter elimination.

UNIFORMS OR NOT.

THE question of uniforming is one that is agitating many of our schools at present. Among the arguments advanced in its favor are the ones that it makes the pupils look "smart," that uniforms "all fit the respective wearers, as each has been measured for his suit," that there is "no slouching or shuffling gait" when pupils wear them, "that there are no grease spots or dirt noticeable on their clothes for any length of time," that the "crease made by the tailor's goose" is never obliterated, and that "the drivers of vehicles recognize the wearers and do not run them down." These reasons are all more or less good, and it would seem that, in the judgment of the militarily inclined, handsome uniforms, well-kept, are at least as nice as citizens' clothes. It is a somewhat grave indication, however, when superintendents like Dr. Clarke, of Michigan, give it a trial and abandon it, and the question would yet seem to be an open one.

COLLEGE

ENTRANCE. marks an era in advanced Educational work in the Middle States. The Board consists of Dean Robinson of Barnard College; President Thomas, of Bryn Mawr College; President Low, of Columbia College; Professor H. S. White, of Cornell University; Professor Griffin, of Johns Hopkins University; Chancellor MacCracken, of New York University; Professor Lamberton, of Pennsylvania University; President Scott, of Rutgers College; President Birdsall, of Swarthmore College; President Raymond, of Union College; President Taylor, of Vassar College, and Professor Van Meter of Woman's College of Baltimore, Md., and its Secretary is Nicholas Murray Butler, Ph. D., L.L.D., Sub-station 84, New York City.

It was organized on November 17, 1900, after a series of preliminary conferences, in order to put into effect the desire expressed in the following resolutions, which were passed unanimously at the Annual Meeting of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools in the Middle States and Maryland held at Trenton, N. J., December 2, 1899:

Resolved, That this association urges the early establishment of a joint College Admission Examination Board, composed of representatives of colleges and of secondary schools in the Middle States and Maryland, which shall endeavor to bring about as rapidly as possible an agreement upon a uniform statement as to each subject required by two or more colleges for admission; to hold or cause to be held, at convention points, in June of each year, a series of college admission examinations, with uniform tests in each subject, and issue certificates based upon the results of such examinations.

Resolved, That in case such a board be established before the next meeting of this association, the Executive Committee be empowered to designate the representatives of secondary schools to serve upon such a board until December, 1900.

Resolved, That the several colleges in the Middle States and Maryland be requested by this association to accept the certificates issued by such joint College Admission Examination Board, so far as they go, in lieu of their own separate admission examination.

The Board includes a representative of each college in the Middle States and Maryland which has a freshman class of not less than fifty members, except Princeton University. The five representatives of secondary schools upon the Board are appointed by the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools in the Middle States and Maryland, to serve for a term of one year.

The certificates to be issued by the Board to those students who take the uniform examina-

tions will be accepted for such subjects as they cover by the co-operating colleges and by Princeton University. It is assumed that they will also be accepted by all colleges, wherever situated, which admit by certificate. It is hoped that all other colleges will accept them as a satisfactory alternative for their own separate admission examinations.

No college which accepts these certificates in lieu of separate admission examinations is asked to surrender its right to enforce such standards of excellence as it pleases, or to make such allowance as it wishes for character and capacity on the part of students applying for admission. The certificate will simply state that the holder was examined at a stated time and place in specified subjects and that as a result of such examinations he received the ratings entered upon the certificate. Each college will determine for itself what minimum rating it will accept as satisfactory.

It is hoped that the uniform examinations held by the Board will, in time, supersede all separate admission examinations now held by the several colleges. The manifest advantages of the examinations held by the Board are:

1. That they are uniform in subject-matter.
2. That they are uniformly administered.
3. That they are held at many points, to meet the convenience of students, at one and the same time.
4. That they represent a co-operative effort on the part of a group of colleges, no one of which thereby surrenders its individuality.
5. That they represent the co-operation of colleges and secondary schools in respect to a matter of vital importance to both.
6. That by reason of their uniformity they will greatly aid the work of the secondary schools.
7. That they will tend to effect a marked saving of time, money and effort in administering college admission requirements.

The definitions of subjects in which examinations are to be held are not framed arbitrarily, but are those agreed upon and recommended by the Committee of the National Educational Association on College Entrance Requirements, in consultation with leading organizations of American scholars.

The requirement in English is the existing uniform requirement.

The requirement in History is based on the recommendations of the Committee of Seven of the American Historical Association.

The requirements in Latin and in Greek are in as close accordance as possible with the recommendations of the American Philological Association.

The requirements in French and in German follow the recommendations of the Committee of Twelve of the Modern Language Association.

The requirements in Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry, are based upon the recommendations of the Committee of the National Educational Association.

The requirements in Botany and in Zoölogy are not yet formulated. No examinations in those subjects will be held in 1901.

The uniform college admission examinations will be held on June 17, 18, 19, 20 and 21, 1901, at points to be announced hereafter. A schedule will be issued showing the arrangement of the examinations and the time allotted to each.

The chief examiners for 1901 are as follows:

Chemistry—Prof. IRA REMSEN of Johns Hopkins University.

English—Prof. FRANCIS H. STODDARD of New York University.

French—Prof. A. GUYOT CAMERON of Princeton University.

German—Prof. M. D. LEARNED of University of Pennsylvania.

Greek—Prof. HERBERT WEIR SMYTH of Bryn Mawr College.

History—Prof. LUCY M. SALMON of Vassar College.

Latin—Prof. CHARLES E. BENNET of Cornell University.

Mathematics—Prof. HENRY DALLAS THOMPSON of Princeton University.

Physics—Prof. EDWARD L. NICHOLS of Cornell University.

The association examiners in each of the subjects above named will be announced in January, 1901.

All correspondence relating to the work of the Board, including applications on behalf of students for examinations in June, 1901, should be addressed.

Secretary of the College Entrance Examination Board,
Sub-Station 84, New York, N. Y.

School and City.

Mrs. Myers' sister made her a short visit while she was ill.

Zazel Brugler was called home on account of her grandmother's death.

Effie Raski received a letter from her mother asking her to come home the 27th of this month.

One of the lady teachers is the admiration of the boys, as she plays basket-ball with one of the older ones.

We look with envious eyes upon the new high school, and more so when it will be put into practical use next month.

Who can beat this? Jennie Temple darned eleven pairs of stockings in two hours and hol(e)y ones at that.

A general permission will not be given the children to go home for Easter, as the school lacks only a few weeks of closing.

Miss Hills has been sick with the grip and fortunatly at the time no child was seriously ill, or any decimating disease walking at large.

Max Kuenzler writes that he is helping his father in an embroidery factory. He says that he puts the ends of thread in needles, and that the machine has 214 needles.

Charlie Burt received a box from home and Willie Klinger can tell you what came in it, as he had the good fortune to share some of its good things.

The Board had a business meeting in the school parlors, March 5th. What an awe inspiring effect these gentlemen have on the children, for when they are on the premises the children are the "pink of perfection."

We never heard until recently that Dennis McGarry died of consumption a year ago. Dennis was a great favorite with the boys and was always to be depended upon whenever there was any fun in sight.

The children who were so fortunate as to see some members of their families within the late month were Aaron Simon, Theo. Eggert, Frank Mesick, Walter Throckmorton, Sadie and George Penrose, Isaac Lowe and Annie Mayer.

Can anyone see any connection between Roosevelt and rose velvet? One of the pupils said she was studying about Roosevelt and upon further



Silent Worker Eng.

"LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU."

A group of the first and second year pupils.

inquiry it was found out to be Roosevelt. Was the young lady thinking of her spring gowns or hats?

Miss Sappington has shown an extraordinary executive ability. While Mrs. Myers was convalescing and Miss Adams was down with the grip, she superintended their work in connection with her own.

What is this we hear that two little girls stole some sugar from the kitchen?

They were hankering after forbidden sweets, but it must have been a mixture of bitter and sweet when they were caught in the act of stealing.

In the chapel catechism great was the surprise of every one when Marie Sieben—a six year old child—gave a difficult answer correctly. We don't know whether it was unusual precocity on the part of the child or she had been coached by an older pupil.

A number of the children went to see a play "Twixt Love and Money," given at the chapel of the Immaculate Conception. The above claim it was the finest thing they had seen for many a day which must have been true, as they didn't return till after 11.30.

George Morris had two fingers of his right hand quite badly injured while grinding locks at the Skillman Hardware Co., one day last month. The injured hand was dressed at St. Francis Hospital. Mr. Morris has been quite unfortunate and we feel sorry for him.

Exellent stereopticon views were given at Bethany Church, Sunday and Monday evenings, 10th and 11th. Mr. Lloyd kindly took the children the first evening and Mr. Walker the second. They were pictures of Home Missions among the Indians and Alaska.

Jennie Temple's relatives have returned from their cruise to South America and West Indies. They went with a subscription party on the Prinzessin Victoria Louise of the Hamburg American line. Jennie says among their seuvires they have two monkeys.

§ The SILENT WORKER's art gallery is one of the attractions of the school. Graduates from the printing department are earnestly invited to send their photographs to complete the collection now on hand, besides they may be needed for reproduction in the paper some day.

Lizzie Hartman and Zazel Bruglar were a distressing couple to look upon several weeks ago. They had the toothache enough to drive them wild. However, the cause of their trouble was soon removed, though their nerves were considerably shaken up for hours afterwards.

Mr. and Mrs. Porter were tendered a "ghost" party on the evening of the 23d of February. Among the spooks were Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Bowker, Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson and Mr. and Mrs. Salter, and Rolly and George Lloyd.

They furnished their own refreshments and the party did not break up until after midnight. The same party, on Saturday evening, March 9th, tendered Mr. and Mrs. Salter a package surprise-party.

It has been said that our children do not miss much that is going on. Shortly after the wreck on the Camden and Amboy division, most of the large boys were given an opportunity of seeing it. As Bordentown is over five mile from here, the boys that went were awfully tired and foot-sore when they came back.

Alfred King is the possessor of a new wheel, which he uses both for business and pleasure. He says it is identical in make and color to the one bought by William Bennison some time ago, and that it is their intention to wear the same uniforms. Mr. King has been promoted at the Brian Pottery, and seems to be getting along nicely.

Sporting Notes.

Reported BY GEORGE E. WAINWRIGHT.

What has become of the girls' basket-ball team?

Bremmerman is in better form than last year.

Bennison is also playing finer games than before.

The addition of Bremmerman to the team, seems to have strengthened it materially.

Powell is putting up good games. However, good the man he is against, he can keep him down.

Bremmerman, Bennison, and Wainwright have been talking of organizing a track team.

Our boys have won eight games and lost none during the month of February.

Capt. Wainwright, who has been playing at forward for the first team during the months of October, November, and December, has returned to his old position at centre, formerly taken by Bremmerman.

On the 14th of Feburary, the N. J. S. D. met and defeated the Patterson A. C., by the score of 14 to 6. Bennison, Bremmerman and Wainwright played in fine form.

Our second team also won from the Patterson Jrs. by the score 18 to 11.

Thomas Fleming, the clever little forward of the second team, has been taken on by Capt. Wainwright to play for the remainder of the season. His fine showing against the Model School, during the month of January, having satisfied Manager Sharp and the Captain.

We are hoping for another game with the Model School to be played on our floor. They have played the Models twice on the Models' floor winning one and loosing one.

On the evening of the 22nd of February, the Mutes met and defeated the Columbia A. C. by the score 24 to 5 after a hard fought game. Bennison, Bremmerman and Fleming played especially fine.

On the 25th of February our team met and defeated the Central A. C. by the score 26 to 3. The Centrals could not score a field goal.

The Mutes met their first defeat on the 4th of March, at the hands of the strong Howard A. C. of the City League by the score 26 to 12. It was not a surprise, owing to the weakening of the team in the first half, by the loss of Bremmerman, Bennison and Wainwright, but those three, mentioned above, all responded to play the second half out, but just as the Mutes began to gain, the guards weakened and that's the cause of our first defeat.

School - Room.

CONDUCTED BY R. B. LLOYD, A.B.

Class Work of Third Year Pupils.

JOURNAL.

To-day is Thursday, Jan. 2nd. Yesterday was Wednesday. Tomorrow will be Friday. It is pleasant today. It is cold.

The ground is frozen. The trees are bare. Many boys and girls went home Dec. 21 to spend Christmas. Some have not come back yet.

Josie Grisley's grandma is dead. She died Dec. 25. She was 73 years old. Mr. Lloyd had charge of the chapel last night. Mr. Walker officiated in the chapel this morning.

School begins at 8. 15. We have recess at 10. 15. We have dinner at 12. 30. We have supper at 5. 30. Charlie Baeder has a new pocket-knife. It was made in Germany. Santa Claus gave it to him on Christmas.

THE BOTTLE.

1. The bottle is on Mr. Lloyd's desk.
2. It is made of blue glass.
3. It is about ten inches high.
4. It had ink in it.
5. It has water in it now.
6. The water is for washing our slates.
7. The bottle is smooth and round.
8. It will break if it falls on the floor.
9. I let a bottle fall on the floor and broke it last fall.
10. Some bottles are large, some are small, some are heavy, some are thin.
11. We keep medicine in bottles.
12. We keep beer in bottles.

CONVERSATION.

1. What day of the month is it?
It is Friday.
2. What day will tomorrow be?
It will be Saturday.
3. What is your father's name?
His name is W. P. Blackwell.
4. How many brothers have you?
I have two brothers.
5. Can you play checkers?
Yes, I can play checkers.
6. Have you a pair of skates?
No, I have no skates.
7. Have you a dog at home?
Yes, I have two.
8. How old is Charlie Burt?
He is eleven years old.
9. Where does Fred live?
He lives in Newark.
10. What is a basket for?
It is for holding things.
11. What is a chair for?
It is for sitting on.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

1. Israel Putnam was born January 7, 1718.
2. Today is his birthday.
3. He was an American general.
4. He killed a big wolf in her den.
5. The Indians captured him.
6. They bound him to a tree.
7. They were going to burn him to death.
8. A French officer saved him.
9. Gen. Putnam fought the British during the Revolutionary War.
10. He was a very brave man.
11. He died in 1790, one hundred years ago.

ZUMETTA.

Zumetta is a little Arab girl.
Zumetta's skin is olive tinted.
Her nose is small and straight.
She has full lips.
Her eyes are large and dark.
They shine like stars when she laughs.
She wears little gold bands round her wrists and ankles.
She wears sandals on her feet.
Her dress is brown cotton.
She wears a fine white handkerchief on her head.
Her long hair is braided.
She has a sweet smile and white teeth.
Her father is an Arab chief.
His name is Achmet.
Her mother's name is Saidan.
Her father has many servants and camels and horses.
They live in a desert.
It is very hot and dry there.
They have no home.
They move often to be near springs.
They have no tables or chairs or beds.
They sleep on mats.

ALI AND FATIMAH.

Ali lives in Egypt.
He wears a red cap called a fez.
He wears loose white trousers.
He wears a loose shirt.
He wears a shawl tied about his waist.
He wears red slippers.
He does not wear stockings.
He eats with his fingers.
He has no knife and fork.
He goes to school.
There are no chairs or desks at the school.
The boys sit on the floor.
They have wooden tablets to write on.
The boys and girls do not go to school together.
Fatimah is a little Egyptian girl.
She wears tiny ear-rings and a necklace.
She wears a veil.
Her finger nails are stained red.
She has dark hair and bright eyes.
A great many people visit Egypt.
They go to see the ruined temples, the pyramids and other things.
There are many donkeys in Egypt.
Ladies and gentlemen ride on donkeys.
Some donkeys wear necklaces of little bells.
It does not rain much in Egypt.
It never snows there.
It is very warm there.

THE BLUE JAYS AND THE PILLS.

1. A physician made some pills.
2. He put them on the window-sill to dry.
3. The window was open.
4. He went away to visit a patient.
5. Some blue jays saw the pills.
6. They ate the pills.
7. The physician came home.
8. He looked for the pills.
9. He could not find them.
10. He was surprised.
11. The next day he saw some dead blue jays on the grass.
12. Then he knew that they had eaten the pills.

THE THREE BEARS.

Golden Locks was a little girl.
She had blue eyes and golden hair.
One day she went into the woods to pick flowers.
She saw a path in the woods.
She followed the path a long way.
She came to a little house.

It belonged to three bears.

One was Great Big Bear; one was Middle Sized Bear, and one was Tiny Little Bear.

The bears were gone out for a walk.

Golden Locks peeped in at the door.

She saw no one.

She went into the parlor.

She saw three chairs there.

One was a great big chair.

It belonged to Great Big Bear.

One was a middle sized chair.

It belonged to Middle Sized Bear.

One was a tiny little chair.

It belonged to Tiny Little Bear.

Golden Locks sat down in the great big chair.

It was too hard.

Then she sat down in the middle sized chair.

It was too soft.

Then she sat down in the tiny little chair and broke it all to pieces.

She went into the kitchen.

She saw three bowls of mush on the table.

One was a great big bowl.

It belonged to Great Big Bear.

One was a middle sized bowl.

It belonged to Middle Sized Bear.

One was a tiny little bowl.

It belonged to Tiny Little Bear.

She tasted the mush in the great big bowl.

It was too hot.

Then she tasted the mush in the middle sized bowl.

It was too cold.

Then she tasted the mush in the tiny little bowl.

It was just right and she ate it all up.

She went up stairs.

She saw three beds.

One was a great big bed.

It belonged to Great Big Bear.

One was a middle sized bed.

It belonged to Middle Sized Bear.

One was a tiny little bed.

It belonged to Tiny Little Bear.

Golden Locks lay down on the great big bed.

It was too hard.

Then she lay down on the middle sized bed.

It was too soft.

Then she lay down on the tiny little bed.

It was very nice and she went to sleep.

The bears came home.

Great Big Bear looked at his chair and said in a very rough voice, "Who has been sitting in my chair?"

Middle Sized Bear looked at her chair and said in a rather loud voice, "Who has been sitting in my chair?"

Tiny Little Bear looked at his chair and said in a sharp little voice, "Who has been sitting in my chair?"

Then the bears went into the kitchen.

Somebody has been tasting my mush," said Great Big Bear.

"Somebody has been tasting my mush," said Middle Sized Bear.

"Somebody has eaten my mush all up," said Tiny Little Bear, and he began to cry.

Then the bears went up stairs.

They saw Golden Locks in Tiny Little Bear's bed.

They growled and she woke up.

She was frightened and jumped out of the bed and through the window.

She ran away as fast as she could.

The bears did not chase her.

She never went near the house again.

What One Girl Hears and Sees.

EDITED BY MISS HYPATIA BOYD.

(Continued from the February number)

MARTHA, comfortably settled in a big chair, was absordedly reading the pages of a book, when the door of her study opened, and Dora came in.

"I am glad to see you," said Martha. "Now, don't make me a briefcall, as you business women are so apt to do, but take off your hat and coat, and have that chair near the grate, please."

Dora did as she was told, and in the meantime Martha made her a cup of tea.

"This tea refreshes me," said Dora, "and what a lovely blaze you have in the grate."

"Yes," Martha returned, seating herself in her chair, "I like an open fireplace a great deal better than a register, for you see a register is an unsightly hole in the floor, while a glowing blaze in an open grate suggests much that is grand, poetical, and inspiring. I like to look in such a blaze, and imagine all sorts of things."

"You mean to dream them," said Dora, "and all the girls call you a dreamer, though your name of Martha is rather misleading. You should have been called Mary, for you are inspired by visions. Your mind is ever fixed upon your ideals, upon the thoughts of all that is high and noble."

"I suppose I'm a hopeless case," groaned Martha, "for I cannot resist these 'dreaming moods.'"

"I rather think you are to be congratulated upon your temperament," Dora answered. "History shows that it is the dreamers who in the end have ruled the world. One of your favorite literary characters, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, was a dreamer, so was George Eliot and of the men, there is Carlyle, Gladstone, Bismarck, and Lincoln, not to mention others. It is your dreamy nature, your inward aspirations, that keeps you wide-awake or enthusiastic, and enables you to rise above severe disappointments, and makes you look forward to the future with an eager, wholesome anticipation of seeing your ideals, your dreams realized some day. It is this that keeps you going, that makes you say, 'It is better to wear out, than to rust,' when we ask how it is you manage to do so many things these days."

"I see you are in an excellent conversational mood tonight," said Martha, "but rather than have you discuss my temperament, I wish you would tell me if you have seen Agnes lately."

"Yes, I saw her to-day. She called at the office, and we took the car home together. While we were in the car, I told her how Mabel was having her wedding-dress made. Agnes listened with much interest, and then she turned to me with such a sad look in her face,—and what do you think she said?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Martha, "unless she is to be married."

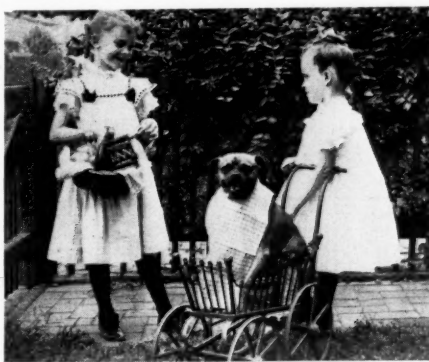
"No, not that," returned Dora as she put down the tea-cup. "Agnes said she was very much afraid of becoming established in life as an old-maid—begging your pardon,—I mean a bachelor-maid."

"What!" exclaimed Martha, sitting bolt upright. "Agnes afraid of being an old-maid and she is only twenty-six like ourselves! Well, of all things she has ever said, this is the most unexpected! And, and," Martha added slowly, "I say Agnes ought to be ashamed of herself, for being so false, so untrue to herself!"

Dora remained silent.

"Well," said Martha after a pause, as she clasped and released her hands, a habit she has whenever she does any serious thinking, "well, if Agnes is ashamed of being a bachelor-maid, I for one, most certainly and vociferously am not! Don't tell me that it is a disgrace, a dishonor now-a-days to be an old-maid! Say rather that it is, as it most assuredly is, a credit, a compliment to one's fastidious taste! Of late years women in general did not hesitate to stake their all on what Edwin Arnold called their 'chawnces,' but education has affected a change, and to-day a

Types of Children of Deaf Parents.



Silent Worker Eng.

"GOOD FRIENDS."

Cornie S. Porter and Catherine P. Lloyd, children of Mr. and Mrs. Rowland B. Lloyd and Mr. and Mrs. George S. Porter, of Trenton, N. J. Both are eight years old and very good friends.

woman becomes a bachelor-maid, not from necessity, but merely from a question of choice. And come to think of it, Dora, the other day, the papers, in announcing Miss Blank's engagement, came out in the characteristic headlines: 'Miss Blank's Choice.'

"I noticed the newspaper article you refer to," said Dora.

"Well, it goes to prove, as do many other things, that the average up-to-date woman uses greater discrimination in her selection of a life-partner, and if she does not marry, it is because her suitors fall below the mark. If she meets a man whom she, with sound judgment, recognizes as her superior, her master, she would marry him, but never an inferior. And so, from choice, pride and independence, she remains single!"

"So would I," said Dora, "and now that we are speaking of men, may I ask which type you admire the most, the German, the French or the American?"

"It goes without saying that I admire the American type,—I mean the general run of American men. Among many things, my observation has shown me, that they make the best of husbands, that they are so high-minded, noble-souled, chivalrous, loyal and so keenly appreciative of the fineness of womanhood, and that their manners come straight from their hearts. While the average foreigner, regardless of his polished manners, is inclined to be selfish, callous, and a jar on the nerves of an aristocratic, sensitive American woman. Indeed, to be perfectly frank, the average foreigner is sometimes so 'gey ill to live wi', that a dog, or a cat, is far more preferable company."

"But I happen to know," interposed Dora, "that you have a number of foreigners on your list of valued friendships."

"That is so," admitted Martha. "But I am not speaking of individuals. I am discussing foreigners from a general standpoint. All foreigners are not perfect gentlemen, neither are all Americans, but as I said before, I keenly appreciate the admirable qualities of character, which mark the general run of American men."

"I wonder," said Dora after a pause, "I wonder if that deaf-mute, who not long ago, so cruelly and heartlessly released his deaf-mute sweetheart from her engagement, merely because he had just happened to meet and fall in love with a charming lip-reader,—I wonder if he was a foreigner."

"I don't know," came the characteristic answer from Martha, "but considering all things, I do not think the young man acted honorably in the matter. I understand from a reliable source that he released the poor deaf-mute girl by writing her a letter, cancelling their engagement. Think of it Dora,—only a letter! It would have been more kind, more merciful, if he had gone to see her, talked the matter over, pleaded forgiveness, and then waited a respectable time before he publicly announced his engagement to the lip-reader girl. But he did not wait, and he did not

consider the pain a jilted girl has to suffer in silence. And in the end what are speech and lip-reading, compared with the awful consequences of so terrible and demoralizing a sin, as trifling with a woman's heart? It is enough to remind me of the pathetic lines,—

"Ah, why," said Ellen, sighing to herself,
"Why do not words and kiss and solemn pledge,
And nature, that is kind in woman's breast,
And reason, that in man is wise and good,
And fear of Him who is a righteous Judge,—
Why do not these prevail for human life,
To keep two hearts together, that began
Their springtime with one love, and that have need
Of mutual pity and forgiveness sweet
To grant, or be received,—"

Dora ventured to suggest that the broken engagement might have been a blessed thing in that it spared the deaf-mute couple a great deal of future woe.

"In certain cases, your argument would hold good, but I do not like the aspect of the young man's attitude in the present instance. For one thing, he did not wait for a reasonable time to elapse before he announced his second engagement. Any man with a heart in him, would have waited several years. I know of one person who, for conscientious reasons, broke an engagement, and then waited fifteen years, before he permitted himself to be engaged to the girl, whom he subsequently married. Then again, a broken engagement, as in the case of the deaf-mute girl Lizzie, we have been speaking of, is a far more serious thing for the girl than it ever can be for the man, and that, as you know, is saying a great deal," and Martha looked hard at Dora.

For some time afterwards, the girls refreshed themselves with some more tea and cake, and then Martha renewed the talk by saying:

"That lip-reader girl we were mentioning a while ago in connection with broken engagements,—is not a clever girl, but she is pretty, and she has observed a few things,—and, yes, though she impresses you as Ophelia-like, in her simple, soft and kittenish ways, she is of a very truth, uncanny in many points. While on the other hand, Lizzie, the jilted deaf-mute girl, was not pretty, nor clever, no, she was not clever, for she confided most freely in the lip-reader girl. Both these girls were chums, and Edna, the lip-reader, I take was in the habit of occasionally staying over night with Lizzie. Unless a girl is clever, is like a sort of a lock and key, it is a very dangerous thing for her to stay all night with her chum, for when the two girls sit on the edge of the bed and chew the crackers and cheese and drink the milk they have some how smuggled into the room,—then, then is the time when one of them tells all that she knows, and the next day, she wakes up and remembers—and wishes, oh! how she wishes she had said nothing!"

"And that explains the way Lizzie gave herself away. She told Edna all about her dear Willie and the sweetly, tender things he had said and the like. Naturally, Edna listened with genuine interest and sympathy, and faithfully vowed to help Lizzie all she could in her love-affairs. Then they went to sleep."

"But for days afterwards, Edna remembered the things Lizzie had told her and she watched her opportunity. It came, one Saturday, when she met Lizzie's much-loved Willie. Now that lip-reader knew how to dress and appear attractive, and she knew how to deal with men. She began by telling Willie all about his dear Lizzie until the man actually was compelled to give out that he was tired of such praising, and wished Edna would talk about something else. That was the first fatal step he made, but though he did not know it, Edna did, and she instantly ceased purring over him, and, instead, dispensed subtle flattery, and you know how easily some men are won that way. There are all kinds of ways of flattering men, but it is subtle flattery, which is a markedly different thing from the gushing sort that gives some women a fairly easy life. But it must not be done generally, but specifically, otherwise it is complete failure. I have seen others try it so I am able to distinguish between the two kinds of flattery."

"And thus the clever Edna won Lizzie's Willie," said Dora.

"Say rather that Edna was not wise, and that she committed an unpardonable crime, the crime of theft by stealing Lizzie's Willie, though no-

The Owl Column



This Column is open to all who wish to express themselves on subjects of general interest. Articles should be brief and to the point and addressed to "The Owl" care Silent Worker, Trenton, N. J.

Helen Keller— Power of Concentration.

"PERHAPS we talk too much in this column about concentration. You may be bored by constant reference to teaching your thoughts to centre all their forces on some particular point.

"But consider the case of Helen Keller, and admit that failure to concentrate must deprive you of a very considerable share of success and progress.

"Miss Keller has just succeeded in passing her mid-year examinations at Radcliffe College. She has passed most creditably, competing with scores of young women, among the most intelligent of the country. Miss Keller has been from her birth deaf, dumb and blind.

"In her case, absolute mental concentration has replaced all of the three faculties which all of us would consider essential to the acquisition of knowledge.

"Helen Keller cannot hear a word that is spoken, but she places the tips of her fingers on the throat of her teacher, knows everything that the teacher says, and assimilates the knowledge.

"When you talk about the difficulties in your life, does it not make you ashamed to think of a young girl who studies higher mathematics with the sole aid of the sense of touch?

"Helen Keller has never heard the sound of a human voice, yet she has thoroughly mastered the English language, and has passed examinations in French and German, in Latin and Greek.

"Miss Keller is sightless, yet she writes on the typewriter as rapidly as any expert, and the work which she prepares for those who teach her is just as neat as that of any girl in her college.

"It is not alleged that Miss Keller is a young woman of vastly superior natural ability.

"She has succeeded marvellously because, while her affliction has made her work harder, it has saved her from the distractions which keep so many of us from working at all.

"DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND, the ordinary diverting pleasures of the world are denied her. Her moral courage, refusing to submit, finds refuge and expression in intense mental concentration, with the results mentioned.

"Concentrate your mind. Don't be beaten in life's struggle by a young girl who cannot SEE, cannot HEAR, cannot SPEAK."

I give above an editorial taken from the *New York Journal* of March 6th, which is the "nearest to the truth" of any article published in our great daily papers about the deaf. The one thing overlooked is the bestowing of credit upon her teachers and interpreter, chief among whom is Miss Sullivan. Without her aid only is it possible for Miss Keller to make such progress, for, in this case, as one mind, so another. Were misfortune or death to overtake Miss Sullivan

suddenly, it is extremely doubtful if any one could take her place with the degree of success that has characterized the onward march of Miss Keller in the past. All honor to her, all honor to Miss Keller!

Easter— What it Means to Some.

EASTER-tide is upon us — the first Easter of the new century, and just what it means to some is left for the estimable Divines of many denominations to explain to their flocks. But to some Easter means "new life and new thoughts" aside from religion. The milliner, the haberdasher and the clothier (ladies' and gentlemen's) look forward to putting on the "new thoughts," and after that the "new life" of the wearers will take care of itself. "What will you wear on Easter?" is the all absorbing question among the young deaf ladies, and friends know the exact details of their outfit weeks before Easter. The young men take things more philosophically and buy their new outfit, wear it without moving a finger, and are shy of the friend with a touch that mars. All parents are perplexed how to meet their daughter's Easter clothing and millinery bills and as a victim myself I thought I'd ease my mind with launching into a little poetry, be it ever so lame:

WOMAN'S PLACE.

Just where she is one never knows,
From out the gloom she never shows,
Above, before, around, behind—
A puzzle to man's finite mind.

She was soon found in earlier days,
The happy days of long ago;
Dressmakers now are sore perplexed,
To know just where to hide her next.

We stand aghast in our despair,
'Tis hard to think of pockets bare;
Just where she is one never knows,
Her liquid tongue, it ever flows.

It was so designed, by nature mind,
That she, no mortal man should find,
We older grow, yet less we know
Of woman, God made her so.

Taking off our Hats.

THERE is a "spirit of subterfuge" not so dominant in Mr. Pach, of the Kinetoscope and Telephone column, as in most of us, and when we desire to "take off our hats" to their goodness and in "profound" respect of Principals, teachers and supervisors, (dead and living,) mind you, Mr. Pach persists in saying they deserve no more mark of respect than the ordinary citizen and stranger. When I used the term "take off our hats," which is a mere catch phrase and unselfishly used in our daily newspapers, it did not mean simply to bare our heads and invite pneumonia, and if I remember aright, Mr. Pach has, in the past, used the very same term. Maybe, at that time some one talked pneumonia to him, and the joke, which had lain so long dormant in his memory, is now passed on to me. But the public is charitable and will forgive him for it. The reason for the chaos in my article in regard to the success of the deaf in the commercial world, to wit: "It is to those workers we owe so much, not to the Institutions," was due to a typographical error, over which I had no control. It should have read: "It is to these workers we owe so much, not entirely to the Institutions." Why? R. E. MAYNARD.

CONVENTION OF INSTRUCTORS OF THE DEAF.

Dr. Gallaudet President of Gallaudet College at Washington and President of the National Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf, and Superintendent Mathison, of this Institution, Vice-President of the Convention, met in Buffalo on Thursday, 8th inst., for the purpose of making arrangements for the meeting of the Convention in that city during the Pan-American Exposition to be held there next summer. The plans for the Convention were not quite completed, but in all probability everything will be arranged in the near future when due announcement will be made.—*Canadian Mute.*

Lambertville, N. J.

ALBERT HORN was confined to the house for a few days with the grip.

Mr. Yothers, an old deaf-mute living near New Hope, Pa., is unable to walk, on account of old age.

Harry Smith, of Rosemont, but now of Philadelphia, was in town not long ago.

One Sunday in February, Messrs. Pidcock and Hunt drove to Flemington and called on Miss Bessie Sutphin. They found her well and happy as usual.

The Elvin K. Smith Memorial Hall Fund, in memory of the late pastor of St. Andrew's church, is rapidly growing, and it now amounts to about \$500. The deaf people attended the parish teas and entertainments during 1900-01. \$10,000 is required for the new hall.

The Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of St. Ann's P. E. Church, New York city, recently paid a visit to this town and remained a few days, as the guest of Rev. H. S. Smith, pastor of St. Andrew's church, this city, whose wife is the daughter of the reverend gentleman. On Friday evening, January 25th, Dr. Gallaudet lectured to a number of the deaf in the rectory on his trip to Europe last summer, which was very interesting. On Sunday morning and evening, Dr. Gallaudet preached in St. Andrews and interpreted to the deaf the sermon as preached by the Rev. H. S. Smith. He also interpreted the Communion service to the deaf in the morning. M. S. H.

TEN CREAMERY "COMMANDMENTS."

(Printed by request.)

1. Thou shalt not slumber late in the morning, but shalt rise early and deliver thy milk to the factory, for he that goeth late causeth the butter maker to use much profane language.

2. Thou shalt not cast all the dirt thou canst brush off the cow into the bucket.

3. Thou shalt not take any cream for thy tea or coffee, for when thou gettest thy dividends, one shall say to another, "why taketh it more milk here for a pound of butter than at any other creamery?" Then shall the butter maker arise and hold thee up to ridicule with the Babcock rotary test.

4. Thou shalt not mix water with thy milk, thou nor thy man servant nor thy hired girl, for so surely as thou doest this thing, thy name shall be Dennis over the length and breadth of the whole milk route.

5. Thou shalt not feed thy cows too much potatoes, onions, mustard, horseradish or bad cabbage, for these feeds, though they be cheap as all out doors, cause the butter maker to gnash his teeth exceedingly and the butter eater to buy his butter somewhere else.

6. Thou shalt not set thy can of nights milk in the cellar with the cover off in order to use it for a trap to catch rats and mice therein, neither in the woodshed as a temptation to neighbors' cats.

7. Thou shalt not carry away more skim milk or butter milk than thy share lest some shall say concerning thee, "For a wonder one hog carrieth food for another."

8. Thou shalt not use unclean cans, but shalt cause thy cans to be washed every day, and the seams and crevices thereof, for a filthy can is abominable in the butter maker's sight, and he will visit wrath upon him who bringeth it.

9. Thou shalt not trouble the butter maker saying: "When shall I receive my pay," for verily I say unto thee, he knoweth not neither careth a little bit.

10. Thou shalt not say one unto another, "Lo, behold, have not these milk haulers a soft snap? They receive much pay and work not very hard at all." Verily I say unto thee, this is a whooper. They rise early and toil much, and peradventure the board of directors refuseth to buy another separator they will be obliged to toil on Sunday morning when other people are fanning themselves within the gates of the synagogue.—*Carlisle (Pa.) Herald.*

Mrs. Hoolihan.—"Is your husband indulgent?"

Mrs. Flaharty.—"He smokes, if that is what you mean."

STATE SCHOOLS VERSUS DAY SCHOOLS.

EVERY now and then some one arises and sings the praises of day schools for the deaf. There are those who, like Dr. Bell, sincerely believe in the superiority of these schools over boarding schools. They believe that it is better for deaf children to be surrounded by home influences, the constant loving attention and care of parents and home friends, than to be sent away among strangers. They are strong advocates of teaching the deaf speech, and argue that where the children are sent to school for the day and then return to the bosom of their family to mingle with the hearing the conditions for acquiring speech are most favorable. In theory this looks very well; it is a roseate view that all true friends of the deaf sincerely wish might be realized, but when confronted by the actual state of affairs it remains, in most cases, an ideal devoutly to be desired but never attained. If all homes were capable of throwing the refining influences about their children that we know those of Dr. Bell and the men and women who think like him do, his ideal might be attained. But many a deaf child comes from a home of poverty, ignorance and squalor; some come from places where they are surrounded by degrading influences. Shall it be said that such children are better off at home than they are in a boarding school where there exists a moral atmosphere that is wholesome and elevating? Truly, no one not wedded to a theory would say so. Such family conditions exist too in large populous centres, the very places where day schools can alone be put in practical operation, more often than in rural communities. The facts also go to prove that the speech argument is overdrawn. There would be more in this argument if all parents were aflame with a desire that their deaf child might learn to talk; if they took the time and trouble to talk to their child and require it to talk, and if they had withal the requisite intelligence to go about it in the proper way. But, sad to say, this is not the case. We know from experience, and doubtless the authorities in most other schools can testify to the same thing, that in many homes, perhaps the majority, the attentions given the deaf member of the family are little more than perfunctory, that his education is practically neglected. The other members of the family are either too busy with their own affairs to give the little one who cannot hear such attention as he should have, or they are indifferent. They are too prone to shift the whole burden of the child's education upon the school. We have had children, and not a few, come back to us in the fall who knew less of speech than when they left in the spring.

As schools, we are willing, even anxious, to bear our part of the responsibility in this matter, as in all others, but the responsibility does not end with us. Moreover, we feel it our duty constantly to impress upon parents the fact that they have a part to perform, and a very important one. But after all this is said, after the schools have done what they can in urging upon parents their share of responsibility and parents continue indifferent or inactive, we may be pardoned for not accepting without qualification the contention that in the matter of acquiring speech day schools afford better conditions than boarding schools. As practical educators we are called upon to take cognizance of a condition and not a theory. We can bear with the crotchets of a man so generous, so greatly interested in the welfare of the deaf and withal so courteous as Dr. Bell, but we have no patience with a person who seeks to bolster up his views by making invidious comparisons, who depreciates the work of a great state school in order that his pet theory might prosper. Such a thing, we are sorry to say, occurred recently up in Wisconsin. Mr. Spencer, the father and ardent supporter of the Milwaukee day schools, had an article in the *Daily Sentinel* of that city in which he sought to decry the work of the state school at Delavan. This article was replied to by Rev. Benstead, formerly a valued teacher of the latter school. Following is part of his argument, and every one thoroughly acquainted with the facts will agree with him. "The day schools give the half-loaf of an intellectual training; the Institution gives the whole loaf of well-rounded life—intellectual, moral, industrial. It gives what the day schools cannot give, the out-of-school training, so very important to the dea

the moral and industrial instruction, whereby the pupils may become in after life independent, self-respecting and respected citizens. A female pupil at Delavan has the opportunity to learn dressmaking, cooking and printing besides the regular household duties, and the accomplishments of fine needlework and painting. A boy may learn to become a carpenter, cabinetmaker, shoemaker, printer, woodcarver, patternmaker, blacksmith, baker, artist, etc. All this, besides the careful supervision, coupled with religious and moral training, which deaf children lack in so many cases at home, and which is beyond the power and the province of the public day schools to supply. Do not these advantages counterbalance the mere paltry item of dollars and cents?" — *Lone Star Weekly*.

Notice to Philadelphia Readers.

We have transferred the agency for Philadelphia and South Jersey from Mr. Harry S. Smith to Mr. Harry E. E. Stevens, of Merchantville, N. J. Mr. Stevens will be glad to forward all subscriptions intended for the SILENT WORKER.

All Sorts.

The Illinois School library contains between 12,000 and 13,000 books.

Dean Porter, of Gallaudet College, has passed his 92nd birthday, and is still hale and hearty.

Last year the number of pupils enrolled at the Illinois Institution was 546, the greatest in the history of the school.

The *Deaf-Mutes' Register* says that Henry Goeller, a deafman, holds a good position as type distributor on the *New York World*.

Mr. Frank F. Worswick, a deaf-mute, is the artist and treasurer for the La Crosse Engraving Co., of La Crosse, Wis. A sketch of this gentleman, with some specimens of his work is in preparation for a future number of THE SILENT WORKER.

A boy by the name of Robert Wheat, is learning the barber's trade at the Arkansas School. Men have been cutting wheat so long that it is extraordinary to find Wheat cutting men. This boy is doing well, and bids fair to turn out a first-class barber.—*West Va. Tablet*.

Mr. T. D'Estrella, art teacher at the California Institution, was awarded first prize at the Salon in San Francisco, for the best picture of animals. We hope we can get Mr. D'Estrella's permission to reproduce the picture for a future number of the SILENT WORKER.

It is interesting to know how great a percentage of deaf-mutes in Europe have no education at all. It is said that in Germany only 18 per cent of the deaf-mutes grow up without education; in France, 40; in England, 43; in Austria, 70, and in Russia, 90.—*California News*.

A bill to establish another institution for the deaf in Indiana is before the legislature of that state. It provides \$25,000 for erection of buildings and \$15,000 a year for expenses. It is to be called the Southern Indiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and located near Evansville.—*Michigan Mirror*.

The Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, at Edgewood Park, Pa., which was destroyed by fire a year ago, is to have new and handsome buildings to cost \$300,000. The plans provide for a main building 70 feet wide and 238 feet long with wings, each measuring 76 by 126 feet. We congratulate Principal Burt on his good fortune in obtaining buildings of such immense proportions.—*Silent Echo*.

The *Norristown (Pa.) Herald* says that Dennis I. Sullivan, a crayon artist, formerly of New York, is now in the employ of D. M. Yost & Co.'s establishment in Norristown. Artist Sullivan has an artistic touch that brings out the features in a realistic manner, and visitors are invited to call and see him at work, and if they desire, take the proper steps to secure work done by him. Mr. Sullivan was educated at the "Fanwood" school in New York.

John F. O'Brien, in the *Deaf-Mutes' Register*, says that Gaetaus Gioda, the deaf-mute who came to this country from Italy two or three years ago, has completed the model of a rapid fire gun that will discharge 200 shots a minute, and that Herr Lipgens, of Berlin, Germany, is expected to take up his residence in this country. He is said to be a "chaser" in gold and silver of the first rank, and that he comes to fill a contract with Tiffany.

The Associated Press says: "Miss Helen Keller, the deaf and blind student, now in the freshman year at Radcliffe College, has received new honors. In the middle of the term she has been promoted from what is known at the college as 'English 22 class' to 'English 12 class.' The promotion is made only on recommendation of the professor of English on account of extraordinary progress in the study. In the class from which Miss Keller has been advanced are about 40 students, and above the work of these, that of the blind girl has stood preeminent.

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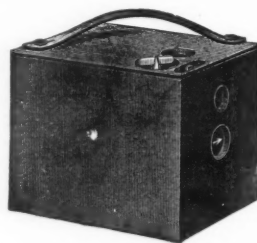
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J. M. GREEN.

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I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tabules. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tabules does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bowser, Ph. G., 588 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tabules with grand result. MISS BESSIE WIEDMAN.

Mother was troubled with heartburn and sleeplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she saw a testimonial in the paper endorsing Ripans Tabules. She determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes the Tabules regularly. She keeps a few cartons Ripans Tabules in the house and says she will not be without them. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the Tabules regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also eats hearty meals, an impossibility before she took Ripans Tabules. ANTON H. BLAUKEN.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tabules advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tabules. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tabules for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like. MRS. MARY GORMAN CLARKE.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tabules from an aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from their use she advised me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headache. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial. MRS. J. BROOKMYRE.

My seven-year-old boy suffered with pains in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a saffron color.

Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tabules, I tried them. Ripans Tabules not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headaches have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tabules. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one (from the cradle to old age) if taken according to directions. E. W. PRICE

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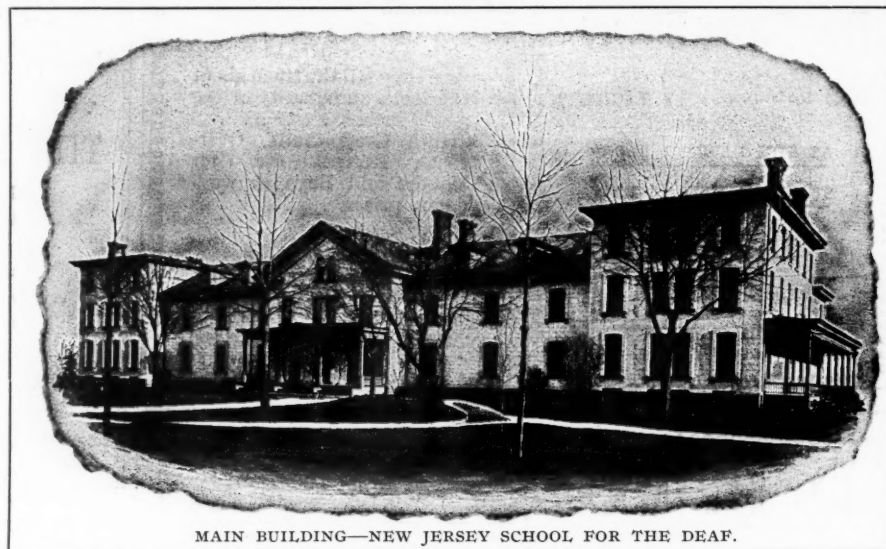
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